OREGON VOICE

VOLUME 23 / ISSUE II / JANUARY 2012

LYRICAL ANALYSIS: "BIG POPPA"
LEATHER DADDY FOR A DAY
ROADSIDE ATTRACTION
HARDWARE STORE CRAWL
DAD ROCK 101

THE DADDY ISSUE

it's not your fault since 1989

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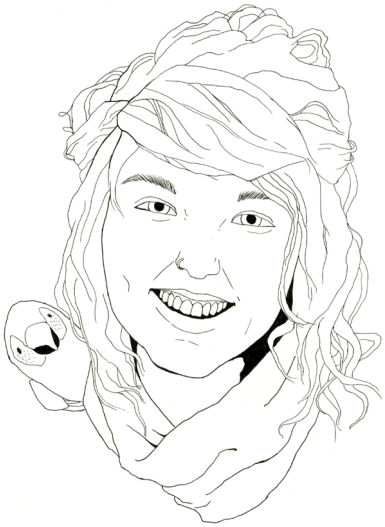

Like so many of its predecessors, production of the Oregon Voice this time around has been a heavily procrastinated road leading to a painful all-nighter. As I just witnessed our Editor-in-Chief fall asleep with a mouthful of baby carrots, I thought to myself: we, too, were babies once. It's no secret at this point that every baby has it's very own daddy, and from the very moment that one lucky sperm does it's thing, a world of "daddy issue" possibilities presents itself. A few issue-laden fatherly stereotypes include the deadbeat, the workaholic, the alcoholic (really anything ending in "-oholic"), the sport-enforcer, the adulterer, and of course, the old Disney channel favorite —"you're not my real dad!"

Was it insensitive of us to choose this issue theme based on a clever play on words, when in reality this loaded term connotes a world of emotional damage? Probably. But when it really comes down to it, "daddy issue" is just another inflated term used to label a person based on something most of us probably struggle with in one way or another. Here at the OV, we've chosen to squeeze every possible bit of etymological juice out of Daddy and turn him into an issue that's fun for the whole family. We'll explore the daily life of the fabled campus leather daddy, tour a roadside attraction of one under-appreciated artist daddy, salute the noble fathers of the animal kingdom, and impregnate our minds with LSD — family style.

Being that I am the proud product of post-vasectomy conception, I sometimes like to imagine myself as one special, determined little sperm swimming my way through anyone who may try and stop me from succeeding in life. Recently I flipped through the Oregon Voice archives all the way back to the first issue and learned that this magazine and I were born in the very same month of the very same year, perhaps even on that very same Friday the 13th — no one can really be sure. And maybe nine months prior to this the Oregon Voice was just a little sperm of a thought in some clever undergrad's head, breaking through it's own metaphorical vasectomy. Now at the ripe age of 22 we're stronger than ever, with something like 2,000 Daddy Issues in circulation.

Caviar Dreams,

OFFICIAL STUFF

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TIM ALLEN

words **MARGARET APPEL**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

It's important in this "Daddy Issue" edition of the Oregon Voice that we highlight at least one on-screen father whom we actually have an issue with. While I can't speak for every member of our staff, I think I can safely speak for most of us when I say that I fucking hate Tim Allen. I always have, even back when I routinely tuned in to *Home Improvement* (I think we all know that Al made that show). So if you also despise Tim Allen, I encourage you to continue reading and together we can bask in our hatred for this lack-luster comedian.

I suppose his whole thing is that he decided his career would be about representing the middle-class, hunting, fishing, tooling, plaid shirt-wearing man's man in every single role he would ever play (naturally, this is with the exception of Buzz Lightyear). And, you know, I really wouldn't have such a problem with that if his continuous character wasn't so cluttered with his contrived representations of manhood.

In anticipation of this rant, I actually subjected myself to watching most of an episode of Tim Allen's latest show on ABC, *Last Man Standing* — it's the same old shit, only this time there's no Wilson or J.T.T., and the writing is significantly worse. Here's the premise: Tim's character owns this outdoor store and occasionally does some live-stream online video about manly shit to his clientele — you know, instead of a show about tools. And instead of having three sons, he has three very stereotypical daughters. The mom was just another version of Jill, and I won't bore you with the details but trust me on this one, that shit was bad.

In a way my hatred for him really comes from the blame I bestow upon him for the downward spiral of the TV sitcom dad. It was his character on *Home Improvement* that sparked the unfortunate transition from loveable dads like Dan Conner of *Roseanne* to whatever that guy's name is on *My Wife and Kids* and all of those other millennium sitcoms that feature some guy with a eye-rolling wife who is way out of his league. Tim "the Tool Man" (got that right) Taylor started the father-centered sitcom, where the man of the house exists in this world where so much of the comedic material focuses on how much his wife's nagging personality cramps his ability to express his manhood. *Home Improvement*, *Everybody Love's Raymond*, *The King of Queens*, and all that other crap — they took all the fun out of mom, and I blame Tim Allen for this.

DON'T WAKE DADDY

words **C.W. KEATING**

Don't Wake Daddy: harmless children's game or vile patriarchal plot to brainwash the minds of America's youth?

Let's break it down. The objective of the game is to sneak to the refrigerator without waking "Daddy." The player must have the correspondingly-colored noise card for the space they're on in order to sneak by undetected. Otherwise the player has to hit an alarm clock next to the sleeping "Daddy." After enough hits, "Daddy" jerks awake and the player has to return to the beginning of the board.

First there's the problem of the omnipotent male figure. "Daddy" is an ambiguous patriarchal signifier attached to a hulking behemoth of a man (seriously, the kids look like ants). It's also implied that those who wake him will suffer his wrath. What exactly happens to the kids if they're caught? Will they be beaten? Emotionally abused? Cursed out? All these scenarios are implied by the inherently secretive nature of the game.

Secondly, there's the whole "I'm-starving-my-child" thing proponents seem to mysteriously leave out. The primary objective is to get food from the fridge. But what kind of power-hungry, ruthless father refuses his children the necessary edibles during the day and thus forces them to scavenge for themselves under the cloak of darkness? Not only does this break a variety of child abuse and neglect laws but manages to celebrate them in a brightly colored kids game.

"Don't Wake Daddy" implies that male figures can only be evaded, never confronted or challenged. So: What the fuck, Hasbro?

RAPIDFIRE WTF!
WTF Red Box? What do you mean you don't have obscure psychedelic blaxploitation classic *Space is the Place*? **WTF** Facebook Timeline? You're boring. **WTF** Stephen Colbert? Oregonians can't vote for you! **WTF** Party City? We just want to party. **WTF** Sean Paul? Where'd you go? **WTF** battery-heated socks? That's actually kind of a good idea. **WTF** My ducks? I love you. **WTF** fully encased pistachio? I just wanna get that nut.

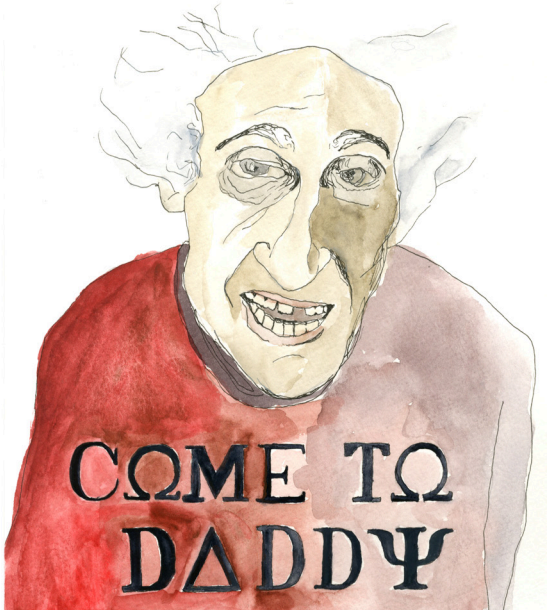
GREEK LIFE'S DAD'S WEEKEND

words **NOAH DEWITT**

As most readers of this magazine are aware, you don't have to drop thousands on a study abroad program to learn about a foreign culture. All you have to do is walk a block west of campus and observe the thriving Greek community over on frat row, where sigmas and so on adorn sterile brick mansions and business majors, who aspire to join the Illuminati, play catch with the ol' pig skin, feed their drinking habits, and spit game at their fine female counterparts. To this day, Greek lifers carry on a number of age-old customs including annual "hazing" initiation ceremonies. Another of their traditions occurs one weekend every fall, when sororities and fraternities open their doors to a little paternity — it's Dad's Weekend!

Once the dads get into town and find parking for their Audis, they do their best to show their kiddos a good time. This usually entails fine dining at Bepe and Gianni's, recreational activities (this year, the Alpha Phi Tau daddies took their girls out for mini golf), dropping some salary at the Duck Store on green and yellow swag, tailgating at Autzen, and getting faded.

If you think this tradition is a cute way for preppy college kids to bond with their parents, you're an idiot. At best, it's an excuse for aging frat alums to relive their glory years and shotgun Genuine Draft in the presence of their offspring — an attempt to prove to their kids that they still know how to party. In the case of sororities, it's most likely an outlet for a papa's Oedipal hang-up.



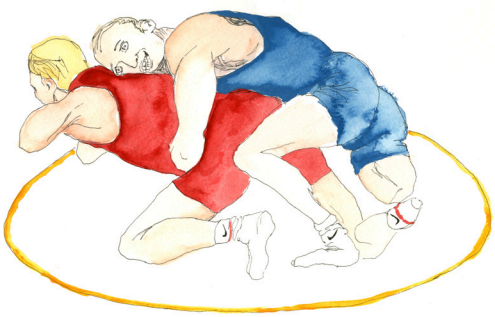
And what if one doesn't have a daddy? Or what if one's daddy is an asshole? Frat boys and sorority girls have daddy issues too, you know, and the last thing they want is for everyone to rub it in their faces. But that's what Dad's Weekend is, essentially: a daddy issue face rub.

DR PEPPER TEN

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

Dr Pepper has gone a little wonky in their marketing department. They just produced a product that targets less than half as many consumers than any other soda on the market. Dr Pepper Ten is not specifically for women, and no woman should ever go near it, lest they want to become a man.

If it's not for women, that must mean it'll increase my manliness if I drink it. That's what Dr Pepper's Facebook app told me. To raise my eight out of 10 score on Dr Pepper's "Manliness Quiz" to a ballsy 10 out of 10, I just need to chug some more Dr Pepper Ten. If I ingest enough, I'll start busting out some mad stubble, and I'll gain intuitive manly



knowledge about knots and engines and shit. Manliness, here I come.

But wait, I'm a woman. Why do I want to drink something that's just not meant for me? The guy in the Dr Pepper Ten commercial clearly states that Dr Pepper Ten is to be simply understood as a single-sex beverage. Just like how action movies and guns and snakes are only enjoyed by men, so is Dr Pepper Ten soda. And anyone who enjoys romantic comedies and "lady drinks" just wouldn't like the distinct 23 flavors of Dr Pepper Ten.

This soda is different. Instead of being lady-like and purely aspartame-sweetened, it combines high fructose corn syrup *and* aspartame: a double whammy of cancer-inducing chemicals. Only a burly mountain man could handle something that extreme.

Fuck you Dr P, I'm man enough for 10 calories. Wait, did my dollar just go towards that shit?

"If Events Services could collectively kill one person..."

"It was as if a small spider made of cheese crawled up my vagina and died."

"You know what I learned today? *Run* from the police."

"ChaCha says my guinea pig is anorexic."

"Remember that one time we threw bleach on that lesbian's door?"

"Drunk girls always want you to get in their Jeeps..."

SAHAPTIN IS WHAT'S HAPPENIN'

Get in touch with Oregon's roots by learning its native tongues.

words **BEN MCPHERSON FICKLIN**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

Sahaptin is a language. For more than 10,000 years the Yakama, Wanapum, Umatilla, Walla Walla, Palus, Cayuse, and Nez Perce tribes have spoken Sahaptin in what is now the state of Oregon. Words like *iwakt* (dream) or *shwat'ash* (cloud) had meaning along the Columbia River and its tributaries, across the Cascade Range, out to the coast, north into Washington, and as far east as Idaho. Now, after European invaders brutally killed and forcibly assimilated Natives, Sahaptin speakers number around 200.

Students of the University of Oregon have a unique opportunity to support these cultures and gain insight into Native Oregon by enrolling in the Sahaptin language program. Sahaptin has been offered at the UO since 1997 by the Northwest Indian Language Institute (NILI) and the University's Yamada Language Program.

NILI combines culture with language in their mission statement: Through teaching Native languages, they attempt to support native community and culture. Language creates culture as much as culture creates language, and to learn a language from somebody who is unfamiliar with the culture is pointless.

Roger Jacob, the Sahaptin teacher at the UO is a product of a Native Oregon culture. Jacob grew up on the Yakima Indian Reservation, in the Washington Cascades, and has studied and received degrees from nine different universities. In 2010 he graduated from the UO with a Master's Degree in teaching Native language.

The cultures that speak Sahaptin are adamantly striving to keep their language from dying. By enrolling in the Sahaptin program, anyone can support these cultures and gain a perspective of Oregon that far predates the United States. Americans need to recognize the genocide that Natives have been put through. This racist destruction has erased knowledge of Oregon that had existed for thousands of years. It's time to cherish Native culture and language.

FATHERLY FLOW PATTERNS

An ode to the Mighty Willamette.

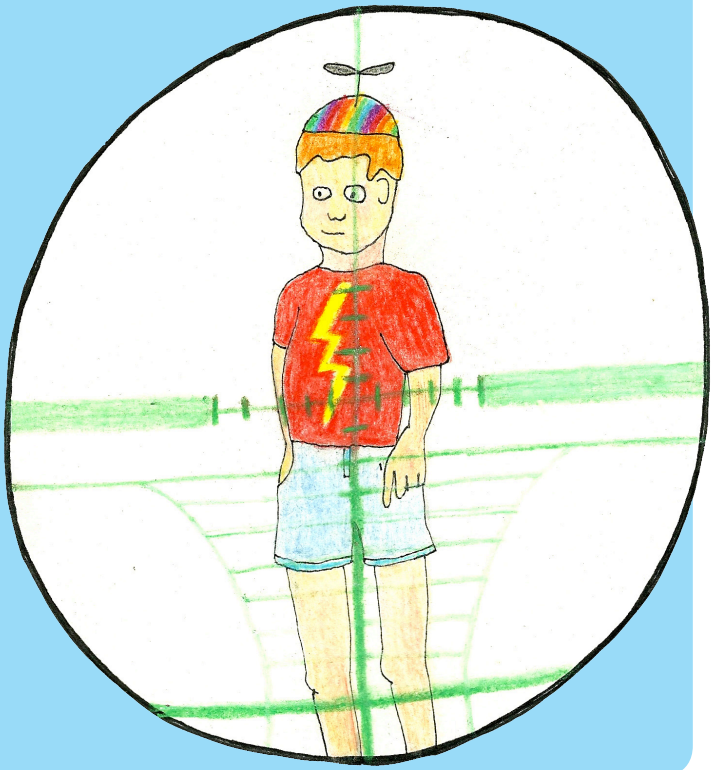
words **JORDAN CHESNUT**

If the Williamette Valley is the fertile motherland of the Oregon empire, then the Williamette river is the Daddy, the vital green sperm that runs northward through its belly; depositing soil from the Calapooya Mountains to the Columbia River. It is our all-seasonal watering hole, quenching the nature-deprived thirst of everyone from autumn bikers to summertime vision questers. Our sopping wet patriarch has watched us grow, but nothing moves linearly, not even water. So while native northwest societies celebrated the rivers' life-giving properties with metaphor and chant, Eugenians today have found other ways of exalting the sacred headwaters of our home territory -- like floating in car tires and giving bread to ducks.

It's all about the reciprocity, though, and as we spill Daddy's favorite brew of Oakshire into his wet lips, and stuff his jacket pockets with greasy bags of Juanitas', he cradles our sunburnt bodies. Ultimately, the Williamette lets us return to the essence of kid life, like Tom Sawyer-ing with rolled up pant legs on rock ledges, plunging into bushes of blackberries, or happily surrendering clothes for complete submersion. Like anything familial, the Williamette can't be monetized, but he still supplies us with a hefty paycheck. There is no doubt his consistently cool current brings home the metaphorical bacon by the fistfull, as an appropriate Oregonian mountain man would. Thanks, Dad.

DADDYHUNT.COM IS A THING

words **JULIAN WATTS**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**



If you are a middle aged gay man looking for love, a young college boy in search of a mature companion, or are in anyway interested in incorporating "daddy" stuff into your homoerotic adventures, I have discovered the perfect online social network for you. Its called daddyhunt.com, and it blew my mind. It is a whole world of online personals for Daddies and Daddy-hunters of all shapes and sizes, all searching for love. I have to admit I was pretty freaked out by the whole thing to begin with, but as I probed deeper into the site, doing some "private browsing" back at my parents' house late at night over winter break, I slowly became enchanted by this tolerant and supportive celebration of daddy love. I also learned many cool things, like for instance "Silver-daddies" are dudes with "the wisdom and experience of a few years under their belts", which I think basically means gay men over 60 with big-ass muscles. The site also has all these interesting blogs dedicated to issues that older gay men face and cool support groups for the daddies.

Just as I was about ready to transform into a gay person and begin searching for daddies in my area, I thought I would check out a few user profiles first. Most of these guys seemed totally chill. It was Ric's profile, though, in which he described his ideal date as delivering brutal prostate exams to young men while he wore a black hooded robe, that ultimately lead me to snap back to reality and not create an account on this website. But just because I backed out doesn't mean that you have to! Check out Daddyhunt.com today, or you'll be sorry!

DEAR GINGER BEARD

Submit questions for Ginger Beard at oregonvoice.com/ask-gingerbeard/ For emergencies, contact the Dear Ginger Beard 24-hour crisis hotline: 405-205-5409.

wisdom **PARKER MULLINS**
photo **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**

Dear Gingerbeard,

It's my third year in college and I still don't know how to make myself sit down and study for my difficult classes. I find that I spend the four hours I reserved for learning doing anything else. At least my apartment is clean and well-decorated. You seem like a gentleman and a scholar, please tell me how I can overcome my stubborn avoidance without drug dependence?

-Academic Dish Doer

Well, ADD, if you're really hoping to reform your study habits, you still shouldn't completely discredit how you currently use your time. On the bright side, you've chosen the moderately efficient, big-kid task of cleaning your living space to avoid your studies. Many of us fall into the rut of becoming slaves to much more menial activities. This could include scanning Facebook albums for unrealistically fat-looking photos of friends, investigating a YouTube timeline of the work of Soulja Boy, or perhaps just laying around drinking on an empty stomach. In short, you are on the right track.

What I've found to be an important factor in completing my work is the integration of personal rewards throughout a night of studying. For example, two pages of writing earns me the divine privilege of one episode of *The Wire* (with roughly 15 minutes of wiggle room to catch up on overly ambitious, religiously-inspired young marriages on Facebook). In light of your current preferred use of time, I would suggest different forms of custodial rewards. Three chapters read would earn you, say, a perfectly white, stain-free toilet or a fridge that doesn't smell like booty butter. Essentially, it's just important to maintain checkpoints and goals for yourself, even throughout a single night. In addition, even though you're hoping to avoid this route, I recently heard that one tablet of Excedrin is equal to like, three cups of coffee, dawg. More on this after midterms.

Dear Gingerbeard,

What do you think about the possibility of life on other planets? And what do you think will happen on December 21st, 2012? I heard some crazy funky shit.

-Pretty Eyes

Well, Pretty Eyes, my illustrious predecessor, I had a suspicion that there would be a question of this nature in this edition of the Oregon Voice. The 2012 New Years Eve party scene was a bitter-sweet occasion for many, including the Voice staff. Without pointing fingers, I will say that even some Top Dawgs here at the Voice have been on edge, finding themselves slipping into conversations reminiscent of those you might hear from unstable locals at the downtown bus station or the alley outside Minit Mart. You know, topics like planetary alignment chaos, solar storms, intergalactic bee extermination, and the ever-present and left-wing nonsense that "science" refers to as "global warming." Though I myself will not settle on one specific date or process of Earth's demise, I will say that I hope (fingers crossed), that extra-terrestrials and the violent destruction of humanity are intrinsically related. Maybe I've seen *Alien vs. Predator* a few too many times, Pretty Eyes, but the idea of aliens chillin' with Latin America's indigenous people in the past really warms my heart. If our intergalactic babysitters think we need a permanent time-out, then so be it.

Dear Gingerbeard,

Your volunteer occupation as an advice columnist will end as soon as you graduate. What will you do then? Tell me.

-Gingerbeard's Red-haired Advice is Doomed

Although this question was meant as a personal one, I feel that it pertains to many students at the University of Oregon, dutifully trudging through their last one or two years of classes to earn a bright, shining, deceivingly useless liberal arts degree. Therefore, GRAD, this question provides an excellent space for a discussion of the options for Duck alumni shortly after graduation.

The first, most non-committal option is that of achieving the official rank of Townie. Not only would I have the ability to stay in Eugene's culturally rich environment and party with younger, less pathetic friends, but I would also have the right to describe my undergrad major using past-tense, nostalgic language at all of my favorite local haunts when approached by strangers. Also, each fall would bestow upon me a slew of naïve California freshmen.

The next, most sensible post-college lifestyle lies in the confines of Portland. A liberal arts major's wet dream, Portland offers a myriad of options for me to waste my time and defer loans. Perhaps the highest rank one could achieve here is the status of "Portland famous." Beginning with a cashier position at, perhaps, Elephant's Delicatessen, an ambitious and lucky twenty-something like myself might soon find great pleasure in being the guy everyone on the whole east-side knows as "that Stumptown barista who wears a boy scout uniform to shows." Oh, and I could own a motorcycle.

Finally, I could always apply ahead of time for internships and volunteer opportunities that make myself more competitive for grad school, but… Meh.

***THE OREGON VOICE OFFERS A FORUM FOR A HEATED DEBATE THAT HAS PLAGUED DAD-KIND SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL. WHAT IS THE SUPERIOR BARBEQUE FUEL?* CHARCOAL OR PROPANE?**

CHARCOAL: CLASSIC FLAVOR YOU CAN TRUST

words **WILL STEVENS**
art **LISA INOUE**

Before we forsake charcoal and replace its grilling majesty with some trendy piece of tin from infomercial lore, we must be reminded of a few things. Charcoal is the end product of decayed plant material, which is then compressed into a dense nugget of smokey deliciousness. It is our collective ancestry. A briquette is a culinary token, representational of all Earth's life cycles, and its sacrifice within the glistening embers of barbecues across the world reminds us all of the enigma of time and the miracle of pleasure.

To the propane advocates who insist their method is more economical, efficient, and easier I say this: you are right, but you miss the point entirely.

A barbecue in the most conventional dad sort of way is not confined by societal whims that demand mass production and instant gratification. Think back to your youth, when the world wasn't littered with propane grilling machines: you had to stand around and wait for your burger. Your meal was earned through patience and pretending your relatives were interesting. At the center of attention in a traditional barbecue setting is the patriarchal grill-master who commands respect and demands zero interference with the grilling process. The grill-master, oftentimes your daddy, might let you peek his work, but he'd be damned if you or anyone else proclaimed that those hot dogs looked done before he thought so!

So for those with daddy issues, the traditional charcoal grill might send shivers because of the unmistakable connection between Pops and his power-trip vessel, but for all intents and purposes the concept of grilling and that phlegmatic man in your life remain synonymous. Some traditions will never go away.

And also, charcoal-grilled food is still tenfold more delicious than anything heated up by propane. It's science. If you want your burger fast, why don't you stick it in the microwave, or better yet head over to Five Guys.

PROPANE FOR THE PRO-GRILLER

words **SCHUYLER DURHAM**

Any sensible dad stands by his propane and propane accessories, I tell you what. Sure, propane may not have the smoky orange glow often associated with barbecues, but unless your dad's burnin' blue in that grill, he doesn't know the first thing about the culinary culture of fatherhood. A true dad wouldn't waste his time rubbing sticks and sparking flames when he could simply turn a knob, slap on the meat, and go right back to drinking in front of the TV or giving character-building lectures. Propane will run you a few extra bucks, but it's worth it. Not since the sports car has the suburban male found a medium for ego inflation as satisfactory as collecting compliments on grilling style. With a top of the line set up, and that cool cooking attitude that comes from tasting the meat, not the heat, charcoal dads are sure to sulk home with tear-stained aprons. The only question left is whether they're crying in shame, or as a side effect of their primitive smoky techniques.

Even if your dad isn't a competitive barbecue artist, propane's uses are as plentiful as the carbon emissions of charcoal. Say a dad comes home and wants to make his paintball gun as lethal as possible. Is he going to reach for a bag of charcoal? No, he's going to strap in that propane tank and go to town on some neighborhood hooligans. Or maybe your dad deals in businesses that are less than "street legal" and needs to refrigerate items without informing nosy electric companies or government agents. Propane has you covered, as it can chill fridge contents while remaining clandestinely off-grid. If you aren't convinced of propane's superiority as an energy source, think about this: they started blowing the tops off mountains for coal in the Appalachian Mountains. So next time you are handed a charcoal-cooked burger, imagine each bite of the burger as a greedy chomp out of one of North America's biggest mountain ranges.

THE BIGGEST OF POPPAS

OV's lyrical analyst Brett Sisun weighs in on Biggie's magnum opus.

words **BRETT SISUN**
art **ALLISON FONDER**

He liked it when you called him Big Poppa. Indeed, Christopher Wallace (aka The Notorious B.I.G, Biggie Smallz and The Black Frank White) was a knockout heavy weight on both the scales and the microphone. And as you may already know, he appreciated being addressed appropriately. The towering, bear-shaped icon of early East Coast rap was a lyrical immensity, as relentless with words as with his size. But behind the squishy, stoic exterior of the tremendous wordsmith was a man of simplicity, deliberation, and purpose. In this effort, we shall attempt to reach deeper than ever before into what may be one of "poppa's" most prodigious and cryptic writings — the unforgettable anthem and declaration of paternal function, "Big Poppa."

"I like it when you call me big Poppa, throw your hands in the air if you'z a true playe." This dashing chorus, which has been heard from cokey bathroom sinks at almost every banging night club, introduces Biggie into the song. The first half makes sense enough; Biggie sincerely appreciates the idea of fatherhood, and being referred to as a "poppa" reinforces this. The second half, however, might lead you astray — he asks for all of the "true players" to throw their hands up into the air, a simple gesture of enthusiasm. But these are not players as you and I might know them, of chess or bocceball, but in fact players of games that use money and dice, or what might be better known as "bones" (the game of dominoes). It is understood that it might not be appropriate to throw your hands in the air unless you participate in the playing of these types of games.

Continuing through the chorus, Wallace dedicates the song to the "honeys getting money" (successful female entrepreneurs) and then asks for everyone who might be carrying a weapon to please not "shoot up the place." Acting through his paternal instincts, Biggie wants to ensure the safety of the "honeys," and to secure a smooth and non-violent social gathering. Finally, Biggie reveals a glimpse of his true intent. 'I see some ladies tonight who should be having

my baby, bay-bay." In a most astonishing and bold announcement, Biggie declares his fertility, and his desire to mate. From here, the song is truly on.

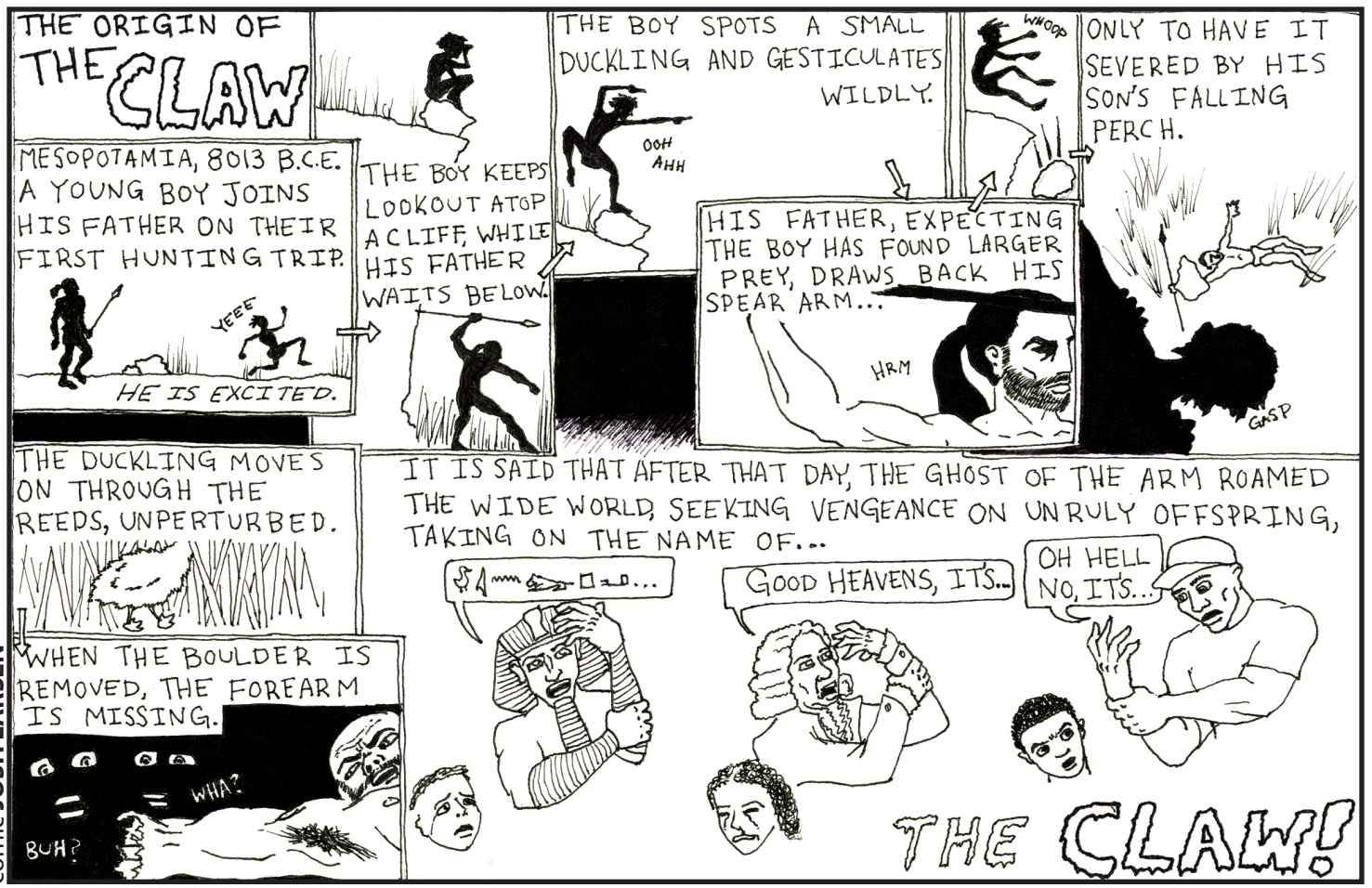
In the first verse, the scene is set: Biggie is sitting in the "back of a club sipping Moet" (a French gentlemen's champagne), and his activity in the club is per normal. He's asking questions, passing marijuana, and listening to music. To all of the ladies with "style and grace" Biggie lets it be known that he will lay his "lyrical douches" (unrecommened form of lyrical hygiene) into their "bushes" (pubic region near the vagina). Biggie seems to be on the prowl for some sexual intercourse, though it could just be Biggie wanting to speak directly with female genitalia. Biggie continues on to reveal that he has more "mack" than "Craig" in the bed. Craig Mack turns out to be a fellow rapper, whom Biggie believes to be superior in his sexual talents. We have no further evidence about Mr. Mack to confirm this. Biggie suggests that a ride be taken in his car, a GS3, and he says he also grows "chronic by the tree." This is strange because chronic, or marijuana, is grown on plants, so Biggie must have a spectacular greenhouse with a crack team of genetic engineers to make this possible, an impressive feat to say the least.

Verse two introduces Biggie to a female counterpart. He asks her "straight up," or directly, why she is talking with the other men at the club who Biggie thinks are "actin'" instead of "mackin'." By this, Biggie means that his "mack" is in no way a form of theatrics. He asks who could be attracted to such questions as "what's your name, what's your sign," demonstrating his disinterest in formalities and astrology. Again Biggie demonstrates he is as unswerving in his life as a "player." Biggie makes plans to leave the club, and he throws his car keys to "lil' cease," who is assumed to be Biggie's designated driver, further instating Biggie's role as a responsible father model. Back at the "crib" (place of residence), Biggie suggests that the mating ritual should take place in a Jacuzzi, while watching a movie, and smoking marijuana joints (presumably from his chronic tree).

> "BACK AT THE 'CRIB' (PLACE OF RESIDENCE), BIGGIE SUGGESTS THAT THE MATING RITUAL SHOULD TAKE PLACE IN A JACUZZI"

Verse three finds a subtle yet appropriate conclusion to the anthem. A friend asks Biggie, "How are you living?" and Biggie responds, "in a mansion and Benzes." It is likely that Biggie is often out of town for work, and finds that his car, a Mercedes Benz, can double as a habitation. As for his female counterpart, Biggie states, "I'm the man girlfriend," which could possibly mean that Biggie is the girlfriend's man, concluding the courtship ritual as a success. Here, another father figure, Biggie's business associate Puff Daddy, interjects: "Honey check it, tell your friends to get with my friends, and we could be friends, and fuck it, we could do this every weekend." It appears that Puffy seeks to proliferate the courtship ritual for the strength and vitality of his whole crew.

Though a multidimensional linguist, further conjecture can show that Biggie was in fact a man of the most basic needs: a humble home, a lover, and lots of tree chronic. He was a caring individual whose life's work always reflected the devotion to procreation, stability, and the enjoyment of life. If only, for just one moment, the people of the world could take a step back and see that there is a little "Big Poppa" in us all.


THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAW
MESOPOTAMIA, 8013 B.C.E. A YOUNG BOY JOINS HIS FATHER ON THEIR FIRST HUNTING TRIP.
YEEE
HE IS EXCITED.
THE BOY KEEPS LOOKOUT ATOP A CLIFF, WHILE HIS FATHER WAITS BELOW.
THE BOY SPOTS A SMALL DUCKLING AND GESTICULATES WILDLY.
OOH AHH
WHOOP
HIS FATHER, EXPECTING THE BOY HAS FOUND LARGER PREY, DRAWS BACK HIS SPEAR ARM...
HRM
ONLY TO HAVE IT SEVERED BY HIS SON'S FALLING PERCH.
GASP
THE DUCKLING MOVES ON THROUGH THE REEDS, UNPERTURBED.
IT IS SAID THAT AFTER THAT DAY, THE GHOST OF THE ARM ROAMED THE WIDE WORLD, SEEKING VENGEANCE ON UNRULY OFFSPRING, TAKING ON THE NAME OF...
WHEN THE BOULDER IS REMOVED, THE FOREARM IS MISSING.
WHA?
BUH?
$4...
GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S...
OH HELL NO, IT'S...
THE CLAW!

comic **JOSH LARSEN**

WORLD'S BEAST DADS

A guide to the chillest papis of the animal kingdom.

words **JACK WASHER**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

Antechinus, the Self-Sacrificing Dad

These tiny little marsupial mice are the most tenacious little fuckers in the animal kingdom — literally. Once the male finds a mate he will have sex non-stop for 12 hours until he dies from a combination of over-exertion and starvation. This dad burns so much energy during the process that his little body has to produce tons of steroids to keep death at bay for as long as possible.

Stickleback Fish, the Bachelor Pad Dad

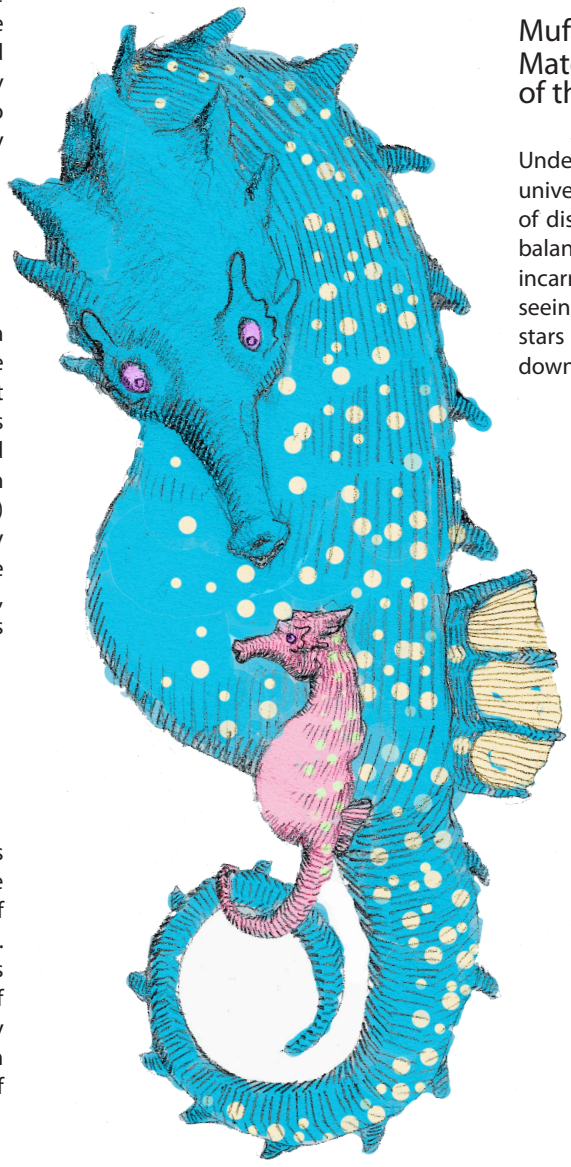
Here's a fish that knows how to get hella domestic. A native of the PNW shores, the stickleback creates a cozy little love nest made from his own sticky kidney mucus (yum!) and lots of ornate looking rocks and twigs to lure any potential female. He then posts up outside his crib and dances (vibrates) for the ladies, flashing his bright red belly while grinding all up on them until they are thoroughly seduced. Once the deed is done, he kicks them out and raises the hatchlings on his own. What a boss.

Rheas, the most Fucked-Over Dad

Life for these ostrich-looking birds starts off pretty great. A polygamous species, the male rhea will run around with a harem of three to 12 females, copulating all the time. Kinky, right? But all the while, these females are totally getting pregnant, and instead of each of them raising their own young, they leave all their eggs with Dad so they can run off and get knocked up again. Gold diggin', if you ask me. The male rhea is then left to raise upwards of 60 hatchlings on his own for two whole years! But it's OK, he totally loves them.

Emperor Penguin, the Zen Dad

For some dumb reason, emperor penguins make Antarctica their home. After the penguins mate, the male is rewarded with the prize of one large egg that he must balance on his feet in the freezing cold. During this time, all the penguin males huddle together for warmth while their female counterparts go on a two-month feeding sabbatical. Once their eggs hatch, they muster whatever food is left in their empty bellies and throw up into their young's mouth.



Seahorses, AKA Mr. Mom

If male seahorses were any better at being dads, they'd be moms. They are the epitome of role-reversal because when these little sea creatures mate, it's the awesome dads who carry the offspring, all 1,000 or so of them. The male will proudly flaunt his massive brood pouch during the gestation period until, after 50 days, thousands of teeny tiny miniature baby Seahorses emerge.

Mufasa, Father of Simba, Mate to Sarabi, and Exalted Ruler of the Pride Lands

Undeniably the best dad in the whole universe. Mufasa is the perfect amalgamation of disciplinarian and loving father. He is the balance and harmony that is the circle of life incarnate, or should I say inanimate? After seeing The Lion King, every time I look at the stars I see the great kings of the past looking down upon us. Enough said.

Bonobos and Dolphins

Can I have some more sex with that pleasure? Bonobos like sex — a *lot*. It doesn't matter what kind, and they'll do pretty much anything to get off. Ranging from male on female, female on female, sword fighting, scrotum rubbing, and all kinds of freaky positions. They match humans on every level and then go even further by removing any societal taboo surrounding sexuality. If we had sex as frequently as Dolphins do, we'd be having sex four months out of the year. For these magical creatures, sex is the ultimate form of social bonding and indicates how this species is the smartest animal on the planet.

Single Fatherhood:

Entertaining the notion.

words **NOAH PORTER**
art **JOSEPH DESOSA**

Right off the bat, let me say this: I realize that being a single parent is extremely difficult, and one-parent households are a huge challenge both in America and across the world. That being said, (I am almost positive that) there are many single parents who live happy and successful lives while managing to send their intelligent, well-rounded, problem-free children to college. It is my personal belief I have the potential to be one of these people. I have a degree in a relevant field of journalism on the horizon and I've been told that I am very nurturing — for a dude. I cook, (know how to) clean, and possess a near-infinite well of patience. I am the only 21-year-old male I know who still babysits. I would be the single dad of the century.

Allow me to make it clear that I do not look at single-fatherhood as an ideal. I am equally romantic as I am paternal, and I would love nothing more than to find myself with a wifey-type who could bring a woman's touch to the household and share the immense task of raising a child with me. So while I do not explicitly wish to be single father, I cannot deny that the idea presents a certain aesthetic to me.

I have romanticized my own version of single-fatherhood in which my child and I live in a two-room studio above a small independent coffee shop in the heart of one of America's great cities. I work from home as a video editor, which allows me to spend most days with my kin. When I am required to leave the dad-pad, I have an expansive network of colleagues, rappers, and sound engineers who double as babysitters in times of need. Our home movies are shot on a Canon 7D, and they are dope as hell. I have sacrificed my social life save for a few close friends and associates (and the occasional female) — my son/daughter is my best friend, my roommate, my sous chef, and my art project.

Call me egocentric and self-servicing, but I have always envisioned my children as my creative masterpieces. Genetic pre-dispositions aside — a child is a blank canvas; as a parent you have the unique opportunity to color their person through the art of selective exposure. Each time you read them a book, play them a song, take them for a walk or put a tool in their hand, you are effectively molding the way they see, hear, and think about the world around them. This is the process of creating a persona. And as somebody who considers himself an artist, the idea of having complete creative control over this process poses a certain amount of intrigue. While it may sound like I am intent on forcing my child into a lifestyle of my choosing — I am well aware that much like horses, you can bring a child to water but you cannot make them drink. I plan on counteracting this conundrum by bringing my child to every lake, river, crick, ocean, pond, pool, and puddle that I find to contain the slightest hint of cool, scouring for the slightest spark of interest along the way. Then, covering that spark with a fodder of piano lessons, first cameras, basketball shoes, paint sets and computer software before blowing praise and support into the smoldering embers, in hopes that I might ignite a single flame of burning passion.

As I draw nearer and nearer to my assigned word count- the immensity of work involved with simultaneously cooking for, watching after, and igniting passions within a child has begun to dawn on me. I realize now that perhaps the holy grail of child —raising lies not in complete creative control, but in collaborating on a shared vision. My revised daddy-dream now begins with the search for an ulti-mom, but still ends with the dope home movies and the rappers-turned-babysitters. Still — until I find her, I want that full custody.

HARDWARE STORE CRAWL

The first and last annual OV Hardware Store Crawl was a success in that we rented a UO van. It was a failure in that it got really boring after a while.

photos **ALLISON FONDER**

LOWE'S

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

Lowe's was the first stop on our crawl. After gearing up on candy canes and bumpin' some Beethoven in the Safeway parking lot, the official OV van barreled down West 11th, leaking smoke out of the window cracks as it went. Lowe's was not the high point of our crawl, but we should have known that by the name of the store. We tried on toolbelts, tested bath tubs, put on Christmas decorations, and were surprisingly asked if we needed any help. Lowe's probably has everything that you need, but it lacks that spunk of a hardware store that makes hardware shopping fun.

CARSON SAW SHOP

words **BEN MCPHERSON FICKLIN**

Carson Saw Shop is exactly as advertised; they specialize only in saws. They sharpen blades as small as knives (for only $2.50 a knife) and as large as lawnmower blades. If it's supposed to be sharp they will make sure it is. The building was constructed in 1911, and everything in the store reflects its old age. As the OV outfit took a look around, the head honcho, Dale, who's daddy founded the place, explained all the memorabilia on the wall: sepia-toned photos, trays of nails and screws, clippings from newspaper, a huge mounted bass head, and hardware that looks more like it should be in a museum than an operating business.

The Saw Shop's yard is still reminiscent of its past; a dilapidated old milking barn and still-producing fruit trees share the lot. It's easy to picture in rural Eugene, the only building for miles.

COASTAL FARM AND RANCH

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

Coastal Farm and Ranch. They offer "just what the country needs, and then some." And they're not lying. It's a hardware store for the whole family.

Their selection of tools and wood and shit is extensive, and it rightly takes up at least half of the floorspace. To attract a more diverse crowd of builders, however, Coastal also offers an impressive selection of clothing — flannel plaids, overalls, John Deere t-shirts, battery-heated socks, and your basic Levi and Carhart apparel. If clothing and tools aren't up your alley, you've got several other options left. There are aisles dedicated to livestock feed and equipment (lots of jars of dead worms and vitamin supplements for healthy goat development), equestrian gear (including stylish saddles), and there's even a (mostly farm-themed) toy section. There's a nice nook of gardening essentials and (occasionally garish) decorations. Almost an entire wall is occupied by buckets of various size, material and color. They also have the best tool belt selection in Eugene, starting with a pretty sturdy-looking black one at $9.99.

In a turbulent world, Coastal is a place of reassurance. Not only would it be an ideal place to be when the apocalypse happens, but while the apocalypse isn't happening, they are committed to serving the hardworking people of the world. They comfortingly assure their customers, "We'll be here. Today. And Every day."

TRUE VALUE

words **MARGARET APPEL**

Ain't no lie; this value's straight truth. Voicers painstakingly crawled straight into our final stop at what is perhaps Eugene's finest and most entertaining hardware haven. True Value features the obvious array of tools and project necessities, but ultimately it serves as the ideal spot for a stoner dad to entertain himself on a Saturday afternoon. The household necessities and cooking gadgets section is a delight to wander through pondering things you might need at some point, and hidden against the back wall you'll find large rolls of dope-ass

“True Value features the obvious array of tools and project necessities, but ultimately it serves as the ideal spot for a stoner dad to entertain himself on a Saturday afternoon.”

wrapping paper to be purchased by the foot. The customer service was present but not invasive, and T-Val also features an inspiring discount section full of crap you’d never buy otherwise. The most enjoyable aspect of the store by far was the wall of paint sample palates with shade names ranging anywhere from “Indifference” to “Warm Shawl.”

BELL HARDWARE

Not actually a hardware store. They are a supplier of commercial grade doors. Total disappointment. After this discovery, morale was lowered.

HEINKE ELECTRICAL

words **NOAH DEWITT**

After scoping the cutlery at Carson Saw Shop, it would have made perfect to sense to stop at Heinke Electrical and Lighting, the hardware hookup for all things electrical located right across Blaire Boulevard. We meant to check it out, but for some reason — maybe the post-candy cane sugar crash — neglected to. On a solo visit days later, I roamed the shop and checked out their stock of heaters, lights bulbs, circuits, wires, and switches. It’s the kind of store I want to give my business to; everyone who works there has the last name Heinke, it has been around for 60 years, and it pedals equipment that will last you a lifetime. But giving the Heinkes my business wasn’t easy. From their super-specialized inventory, the only thing I could find that I actually had use for was a roll of masking tape. Support local businesses and buy your masking tape at Heinke Electrical.

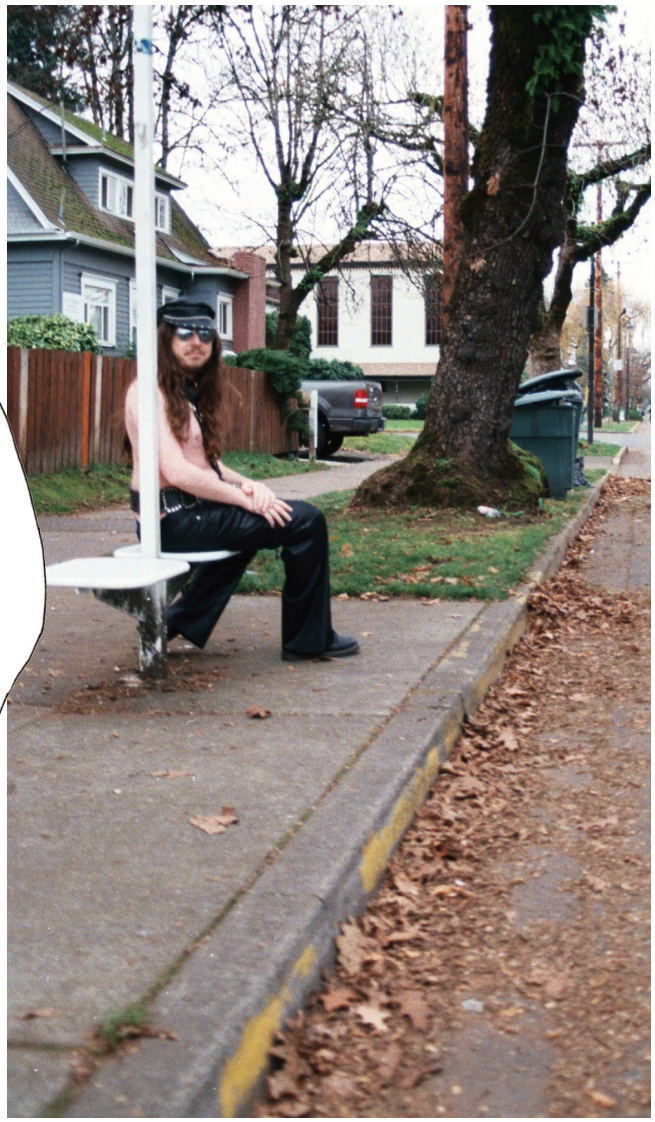
LEATHER DADDY FOR A DAY

The OV's Trace Cabot spends a day in Daddy's chaps.

photos **BEN MCPHERSON FICKLIN**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

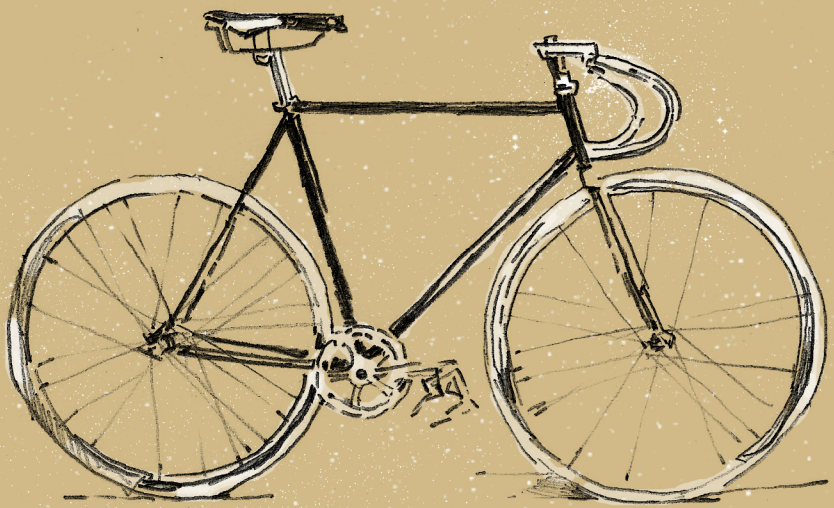
Leather Daddies — we know they're out there. They're sexually charged mavericks, who aren't afraid to revolutionize the bedroom with the single crack of a whip. When the mundane routine of college life left Trace Cabot wanting more, he rented a studded kinky get-up and uncuffed his inner Leather Daddy.

COSTUME
RENTALS

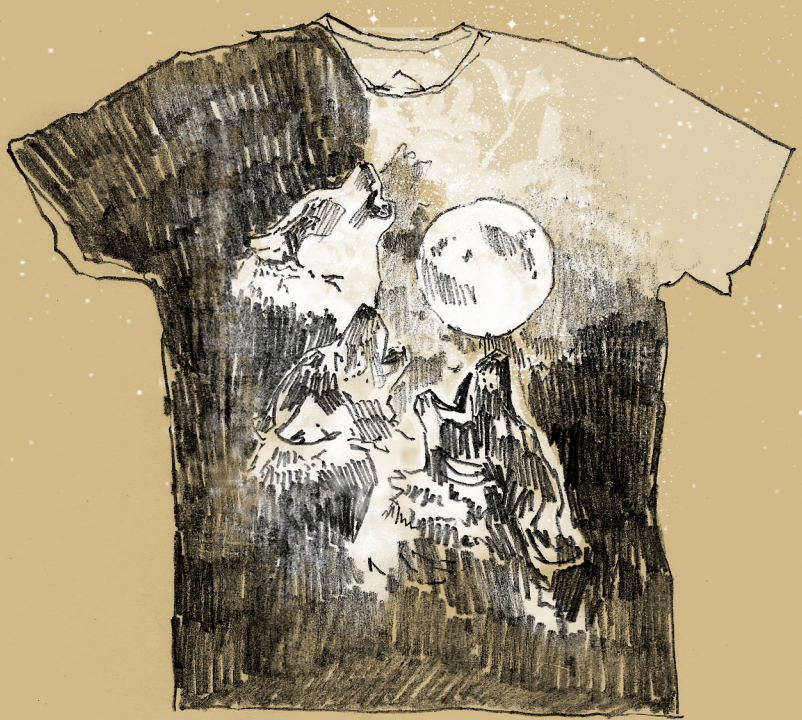


aspian
MEDITERRANEAN CAFE

ONE.



TWO.



TRIP.

TRIPPING IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

words **NOAH DEWITT**
art **CHELSEY BOEHNKE**

Dropping LSD to carry on a family tradition.

My dad did acid when he was my age — in San Francisco parks, with friends from his theater company, on museum meanderings and excursions in nature. He did it, he tells me, like so many others in the late '60s and early '70s, because it changed the way he thought. It allowed him to perceive the world more fully and with less judgement, made the commonplace wondrous, and revealed the magic between the molecules.

Like father, like son.

I have ingested lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) four times in my 21 years. Two of those times, the stuff came dabbed on blotter paper. Another time, I took it in the form of an inoculated Smarty. But the batch of acid that spurred my wildest trip yet, with the most vivid hallucinations and the realest epiphanies, entered my bloodstream via two foil-wrapped Mini Oreos.

Thanks to a college-aged hipster with a vial of acid in Eugene, Ore., a few Mini Oreos became the vessels of a shakingly beautiful and bizarre cognitive experience.

As soon as I filled in the last Scantron bubble of my anthropology exam, I hopped on my bike and raced home, where my closest friend and messiest roommate, Tyler, and our friend Josh were waiting. We initiated Spring Break 2011 by dropping one hit of acid each. I placed the tiny square of blotter paper on my tongue, held it there for some seconds, and swallowed. After that, we had no agenda; we knew from past experiences that spontaneity makes for good tripping.

At around 4 p.m., the first effects came on: stomach butterflies, scattered attention, childlike excitement. While Josh read *A People's History of the United States* by Howard Zinn on our porch swing, Tyler and I were in our respective rooms assembling our trip kits. I grabbed *Another Roadside Attraction* by Tom Robbins (selecting passages at random and reading them aloud is great trip fodder), my journal and Rapidograph pen (on LSD, anyone's an artist), and a strand of red and yellow clay beads, which my roommate Erin had given me as an amulet of positivity.

We mounted our saddles and pedaled to the south hills, huffed and heaved up Friendly Street, and plummeted down the other side. Josh led the way to a quiet country highway. We ventured out a ways, rested against an old barn, exchanged random passages from our books, howled as we coasted through a sun-lit drizzle, rode back into city limits and ordered tea at a café.

Although we were enjoying a pleasant body high and could hardly control our laughter, the acid had been disappointingly weak. No hallucinations, no colors and no revelations.

Seated at a tiny round table next to the big front windows of the café, Tyler leaned forward. "I wouldn't be opposed to taking more," he said. "You guys down?"

"They're on Oreos," said Pirate Pete, as he rummaged through his backpack in our friend's living room. Pirate Pete, a close acquaintance, earned minimum wage at a Goodwill Donation Center. His wardrobe consisted of oversize t-shirts with wolves on them, hooded sweatshirts and faded jean cutoffs that he'd skimmed off the secondhand influx. He had a knack for getting things without paying for them, hence the nickname.

He handed a tiny foil parcel to Tyler, who unfolded it and divvied the six cookie sandwiches among us.

"I forgot about Mini Oreos," Josh said.

"Two for you," Tyler said as he handed me my pair.

"Two for you." He passed a ration to Josh.

"And two for me."

We dosed.

Most Nabisco snacks meet the same fate. They occupy a vending machine coil or 7-11 shelf until purchased, provide instant gratification to some sweet-toothed sap, and make their small contribution to obesity and type-two diabetes. They are digested into oblivion, their wrappings discarded. But thanks to a college-aged hipster with a vial of acid in Eugene, Ore., a few Mini Oreos became the vessels of a shakingly beautiful and bizarre cognitive experience.

A few months earlier in a basement in Portland, a tattoo artist had inked the words "be here now" in all-capital Helvetica letters on Josh's chest for cheap. Josh wanted the phrase to be his permanent mantra. *Be Here Now* was also the title of a spiritual guidebook for American hippies written in 1971 by Ram Dass (formerly Richard Alpert, Ph.D.), an American

psychologist turned psychedelic advocate turned Hindu spiritual teacher. Josh became known as Ram Dawg.

You'd think that having the words carved into your skin forever would get the message across, but ironically enough, Josh was having trouble being present. We were at the crest of an enormous hill, and we were high. The stars winked at us and multiplied, red and blue and white. One of the sparse cumulus clouds looked and moved like a Chinese dragon. Leaves on boughs overhead squirmed and hissed in the streetlight's orange glow. And Josh stood holding his bike, looking at the pavement, talking on the phone to his beloved Margot, who was with friends in New York City for spring break. Leaning against the top tubes of our bicycles, Tyler and I listened in agony as Josh tried not to let on that he was tripping balls and appease his girlfriend on another coast in another time zone.

"Ok," I said. "So if Margot's all the way in New York, then where are we?"

"Good question," Tyler said, looking around him for a street sign. "I think we might be right here." He pointed to the ground, and we both cracked up.

"Yep. We're definitely here."

"Ram Dawg, get off the phone! Be here now! Let's bomb this hill!" Tyler said. "Why's his phone even on?" he asked me. He took off down the grade. I followed.

Josh caught up with us at the foot of the hill, and we followed intuition where it took us. We gaped at the spiraling columns and shifting brick patterns in the façade of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art on the University of Oregon campus; perched on the lowest branches of an enormous oak for almost an hour, philosophizing about matter, everlasting souls, art, language, and machines; gave Ken Kesey's bronze statue in downtown Eugene a deep-tissue massage and thanked him for fathering the psychedelic movement; and returned home to watch abstract doodles dance around on my bedroom chalkboard.

On acid, my senses didn't conjure, so much as they distorted. I didn't see gnomes or freaky creatures or ancestral spirits or anything so fantastical. I saw what I would normally see — but differently. For example, a wooden chair, which would ordinarily seem plain, inanimate and useful, might have struck me as genius or comically tiny or pulsing. "Whoa" was never far from my lips.

Even when the hallucinations were over and things like wooden chairs regained their banality, my sense of awe didn't disappear. I felt awakened. There's more to the universe than matter in motion, I thought. Not everything can be explained.

My mom has always enforced a strict "don't do drugs" policy, and for that reason, I will not be sending her a copy of this essay. Last March, when she phoned to catch up and asked how my spring break was, I answered with a vague "It was fun." The guilt of withholding information from the woman who brought me into existence is terrible, but not as terrible, I hold, as the consequences of full disclosure (e.g., longwinded lectures on gateway drugs, intervention, disownment).

But when my father dropped me a line and asked me what I'd been up to, there was no hesitation. "After finals, I did acid with Tyler and Josh," I told him. We laughed together over the phone as I recounted the trip, and he chimed in with anecdotes from his own experiments.

When I was 14, my older sister Rachael told me that Dad had dropped acid back in the day. A year later, he told me himself. He didn't go into details about why he did it or what he gained from the experience. He didn't express regrets.

In my junior year of high school I picked Aldous Huxley's "The Doors of Perception," a 70-page essay about the mescaline experience, off my dad's bookshelf. Tucked between the pages was an essay that my dad had typewritten in the '70s, analyzing Huxley's book. My adolescent mind formed a distinction: booze, dope and pot are for shallow desires, whereas LSD, mescaline and magic mushrooms are for noble ones.

At 4 a.m., Tyler, Josh and I sat Indian-style on the dusty hardwood floor of my bedroom around one flickering votary candle. Our drawings twitched and squiggled on the dimly lit chalkboard. After rapping enthusiastically about the insignificance of our puny little lives in the eyes of the universe, we thought to ourselves in silence.

I thought of my dad, and asked: "Do you think our kids will do acid when they're our age?" ▽

BONUS ANECDOTE: THE NUTTER BUTTER FIASCO

As an enormous party at 16th and Patterson rages into the wee hours of an April Saturday morning, a drunk-ass UO sorority sister digs through a backpack that isn't hers. From the rusty orange Jansport, she pulls a disposable camera and a yellow plastic Easter egg. As she walks away from where the backpack lay, she pops the plastic egg open to discover four miniature Nutter Butters wrapped in tin foil. She is hungry. She eats them.

The backpack belongs to Kaydo, a blunt-speaking, well-liked product design major who occasionally dabbles in altered states. Earlier that day, Kaydo had visited his friend Thrashur, Pirate Pete's roommate, and purchased a plastic egg containing four LSD-charged, peanut-buttery Nabisco cookies.

One hit of potent acid will spur some freaky visuals and clear away cognitive cobwebs; four hits, and you *become* a cognitive cobweb.

As homegirl leaves the party at around 3 a.m., she begins to feel sort of funny. By the time she reaches her sorority, she hallucination hard. As her reality disregards the laws of nature before her eyes, she starts freaking the fuck out: speaking in tongues, tucking her slippers into her bed, punching out the screens on all the windows, and kicking the house dog. When her house mom attempts to restrain her, she retaliates. Her friends take her to the hospital. Authorities use tranquilizers to put her down. At least that's what Kaydo was able to piece together from eye witness accounts and the photos he found on his disposable camera.

"She was in the same sorority as this girl I was fucking at the time," Kaydo says over a football game at Rennie's Landing. In the aftermath of her trip, Kaydo called their mutual friend and asked to be reimbursed for the drugs and the camera.

"I think it really fucked up her head," Kaydo says. Psychedelic drugs are nothing to fuck with. If it's wrapped in tin foil and isn't yours, don't eat it.

DAD ROCK 101

Fact: Nine out of 10 dads love Bruce Springsteen.

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
art **JULIAN WATTS**

There's something on the wind — the stale scent of tobacco and aftershave, the faint sounds of snoring and things you wish you'd never heard about your mother--and it can't bust a move for shit. Why, it must be your dad, listening to rock music. Not just any rock music, but something grey-haired, something classic: dad-rock. What is it that defines this rock 'n' roll sub-genre? Where does it come from? Grab a cup-o-Joe and strap on a tie as we think back on a golden age, a time when our dads were not dads, and their dads were hardly rocking out to guitar-heavy ballads about love, drugs, and freedom.

Sometime around the mid-1950s, American folk music winked at the blues, who in turn showed a little skin, and after a little folkin' around, rock 'n roll was born. Of course, rock needed a fair amount of TLC, and extended family members country, pop, jazz, and R&B rose to the occasion. With so many influences, rock 'n roll split and expanded into several sub-genres, one of which weaseled its way into the young hearts of, you guessed it, our dads. To this day, names like Bruce Springsteen, Neil Young, and Tom Petty are still shredding at the front lines of dad-rock, beards and bald-spots at the ready. Assuming your dads, like mine, were coming of-age around the early 1970s, the times were ripe for music and freedom, inviting all young people to enjoy the fruits of live-performance music.

At the forefront of live music history is Woodstock '69 — a big step for rock 'n' roll, glorifying festivals and the rockstar way of life. Included in the line-up were some dad-rock essentials: Creedence Clearwater Revival, The Who, Joe Cocker, and a few others. However, not all of the artists performing at Woodstock (although time appropriate) fall under the dad-rock umbrella. Acts such as Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and The Grateful Dead remain beside the mustached sub-genre, mainly because their music seems to have transcended the generational gap between dads and the rest of us.

While most important in characterizing dad-rock, the time period alone is not its sole defining factor. You know it's dad-rock if it is decreasingly popular among successive generations, features long-haired white male guitarists, and has released more than one greatist hits album. We love it because it takes us back to a glorified time period that we never had the pleasure to experience first-hand. It reminds us of old men, horses (right?), and riding driver on dad's lap.

So next time you chance a chuckle at your old man's pitiful air-guitar, or abandon the radio at the first feeble chords of Neil Young's "Old Man," take a second to embrace the all-encompassing power of dad-rock, and before you know it you could be tappin' a toe in your dad's shoes.

STREAM THE OV'S FREE DAD-ROCK MIXTAPE AT OREGONVOICE.COM

Living Rock Studios: Oregon's Hidden Gem

Late artist's unique masterpiece is probably the only reason to visit Brownsville.

words **MARGARET APPEL**
photos **CHRISTINE DONG**

There is

an all-too-familiar stretch of Interstate-5 that links so many of us from Eugene to Portland and the small towns in between — it's roughly a two-hour drive that can fly by if you're lucky enough to own a vehicle or get in on a friendly paddy wagon. Otherwise, you're probably suffocating on the Greyhound, or making awkward small talk with the ride you weaseled out of someone via a desperate Facebook status plea. Regardless of your chosen chariot to PDX, it's inevitable that at some point you will tear your eyes away from the thrilling game of *Words With Friends* you've got going and look out the window. There are a number of exits with small-towney names that will have you pondering how miserable *that* place must be, and the thought will then vanish from you like a fart in the I-5 wind.

Roadside attractions aren't something you'll generally consider working into your paddy wagon itinerary or convince your Greyhound driver to pull over for — in fact, the thought of a roadside attraction is probably off-putting to you unless someone can guarantee that Chevy Chase and the entire Griswald family will be there to keep things interesting. Unfortunately, this thought process is what will keep you from taking exit 216 to Brownsville, Ore., and continuing on the 3.4 miles leading to what is perhaps Oregon's most impressive roadside attraction.

"Daddy was building this at 62, when the rest of us retire," Nancy Bergerson says as she lifts a dying old flashlight up to one of several enormous chunks of red agate protruding from the walls of Living Rock Studios. The weak bulb of Nancy's flashlight proves enough to illuminate the rock within the confines of the dark, cold, and rather castle-like building. Her frail arm moves the flashlight along the wall from rock to rock, allowing each one to glow individually as she unexpectedly gasps with excitement that you've come to tour her father's creation.

"What she's showing is an 800-ton art studio made entirely of rock, cement, petrified wood and one uniquely installed hunk of railroad track."

"Daddy did it to glorify the Lord. I'm just glad I'm showing it at this age, and not building it." What she's showing is an 800-ton art studio made entirely of rock, cement, petrified wood and one uniquely installed hunk of railroad track. After suffering three strokes and a heart attack in 1964, Howard Taylor decided to get to work on this incredible project. By October of 1985, he had finished building the studio out of a massive amount of donated and self-accumulated rare stone and filled it with his extensive collection of over 100 bird

paintings, flawless wooden carvings, early pioneer and Calapooya Indian artifacts, and a unique arrangement of paintings that offer a historical account of Oregon's logging industry. Essentially this studio is an artistic embodiment of all things Oregon. Oh yeah…and the Lord.

Nancy is the eldest of Taylor's three daughters, living in Goshen, Ore., but she spends the hours of 10am-5pm every Tuesday-Saturday in Brownsville, showing Living Rock Studios to all those who pass through. While the studio is ideal for any class trip or artsy afternoon outing, Nancy expresses frustration: "We really do see very, very few members of the community coming here," she says, which is unfortunate, considering the hundreds of visitors the neighboring Linn County Historic Museum sees every month.

Describing the experience of an afternoon at Living Rock Studios proves challenging for all those who visit, but I'll do my best: initially things feel pretty creepy. This isn't a museum where you open the door and enter into some lobby with a front desk and a wall of pamphlets. As with any medieval castle, you ring the doorbell. After several minutes a sweet elderly woman (who you're not entirely sure won't take you into the back and murder you) answers the door wearing many layers. She's very excited you're here, and she throws a few more logs into the woodstove that sits in the front room. From here you can see a large tree trunk-like structure made entirely of petrified wood in the middle of the room that blends into the staircase leading up to the studio's second story. Laminated Bible quotes are sprinkled throughout the displays, they coincide nicely with the occasional mentioning of the Lord. To your left is a gift shop whose sales do not appear to be booming, and beyond that sits an intriguing back yard scene.

Nancy takes you out back, and the tour begins. The yard is simultaneously cluttered with beautiful rock arrangements and general back-yard junk, not to mention two enormous, mysterious solar panels that aren't connected to anything. But it's gorgeous—there is a garden, a greenhouse, and a large working fountain made from petrified wood. The scene doesn't evoke that "tourist roadside attraction" vibe whatsoever, and it truly begins to feel as though you've been invited into the home of a family who has devoted their life to their father's artistic vision.

The most captivating part of the tour is the four Biblical scenes recreated using extremely thin slices of jade, agatized palm wood, onyx, obsidian, and various other colorful stones that Taylor carefully cut into translucence with his diamond saw. Each image is built into the wall with a light shining behind it, creating a stained glass effect.

Nancy proceeds to show you into a small cave inside of the front room's massive tree trunk. This area houses Taylor's extensive collection of crystals, cemented into its walls among the rock and petrified wood. Overhead sits approximately four feet of crooked railroad track that warrants a single question: *how the fuck did he get this in here?*

Finally, homegirl will lead you up the spiraling, wheelchair-accessible ramp to the building's second story. Along the wall to your right are seventeen framed and mounted life-size birds of prey oil paintings, and embedded into the wall on your left sit rows of vintage Taster's Choice coffee jars filled with rare gems for your viewing pleasure. Upstairs you'll see the extent of Howard Taylor's collection of wooden carvings—one particularly striking mermaid carving serves as the official geocache* visual of Living Rock Studios. One particularly interesting feature of the upstairs tour is the 3x2' rotating logging book created by Daddy that offers up a bit of the Northwest's logging history. The book requires a special turntable to operate, and each wood-framed page features neat, hand-painted text along with an oil painted illustration. In fact, Nancy explained that her daughter, who functions as Living Rock's web designer, has digitally recreated Howard Taylor's specific printing style: "It's like a font…she's made a Daddy font, so she can print in Daddy on the website." Now that's some post-life Daddy dedication.

Despite Living Rock Studios' rich display of art, history, geology, and general funkiness, the road to Brownsville is one seldom traveled. However, now that you've been enlightened through the power of the Oregon Voice, I would encourage you to make the 30-mile trek to witness Howard Taylor's preserved masterpiece. Once you get past the creepiness of an elderly woman religiously referring to her father as Daddy, this place is pretty fucking cool. ▽

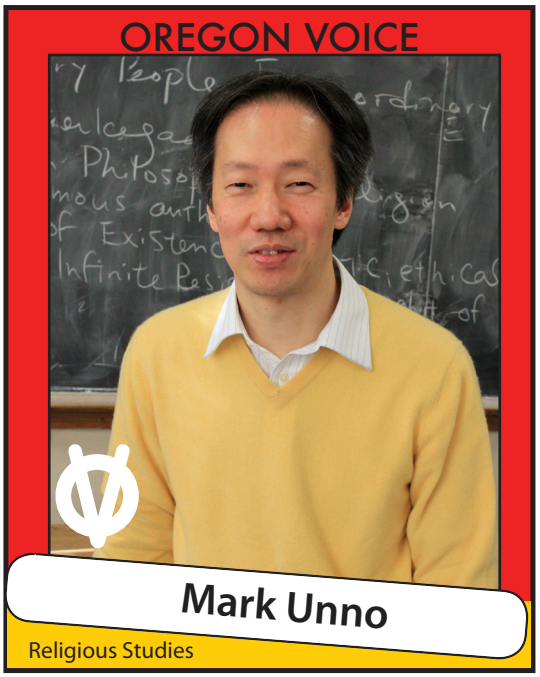
***Geocaching is a world-wide treasure hunting game that uses GPS-enabled devices to locate specific coordinates and find said location's geocache. Sounds like some serious Daddy activity to me.**

There was so much timber in Oregon that it was crowding our waterways for standing room. Waterways were blessed with giants already leaning, in most cases, toward the water because there was light there. All that was necessary was to cut them off and watch them fall, then buck them into logs and float them to the mill.
The mill stood in timber. It had been logged but so few trees were taken that at a distance one could not even miss them. Only the choice were logged.
The pioneer had so much timber that he was timber poor. It was in his way. He could not eat it and he could not sell it. It obstructed all fact and practical purpose, weeds and a pernicious nuisance.
Now we make even the merchantable wood, sawdust and shavings into products which quickly degenerate and become an impediment and a pernicious nuisance.
R.O.-LOGGING

OREGON VOICE PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ ™

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL

Getting a college education is, we're told, an investment for the future. But when you graduate to discover that your BA doesn't necessarily guarantee employment, you are going to wish you had a backup plan. That's why the **OREGON VOICE** is releasing these limited edition Professor Trading Kardz™. In 50 years, these collector's items will be worth more than you can imagine. Carefully cut out the individual Kardz™, keep them in protective sleeves so you don't devalue them by breathing on them, and save them for a rainy day. Collect all 150!



THAT CAMPUS HOTTIE

Can you hear this hottie sizzle? With long flowing locks of dirty-blonde majesty, Amy Holt takes the streets of Eugene by storm, earning her the well-deserved title of Campus Hottie in this edition of the Oregon Voice. She regularly uses her International Studies major to cross into exotic hottie territory, and continues to earn infinite style points among all nationalities. Miss Holt takes risks: her septum piercing achieves the subtle badassery that some noses can only dream of, and she successfully wins the notoriously dangerous game of the middle-part. You can cry yourself to sleep tonight, because homegirl's taken, but you certainly can't blame your glands for sweatin' this campus hottie.

NAME: Amy Holt

AGE: 21

RELATIONSHIP STATUS: Spoken For

MAJOR: International Studies

FAVORITE MOVIE: *Zoolander*

TURN-ONS: Outdoorsy, witty, traveler-types.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty teeth, long fingernails.

FAVORITE PICK-UP LINE: Anything that wouldn't qualify as a "pick-up line."

IDEAL DATE: "Something I've never done before."

GUILTY PLEASURE: *The Food Network*.

PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ™

MARK UNNO

DEPARTMENT: Religious Studies
POSITION: Associate Professor of East Asian Religions
UNDERGRAD GPA: 3.8

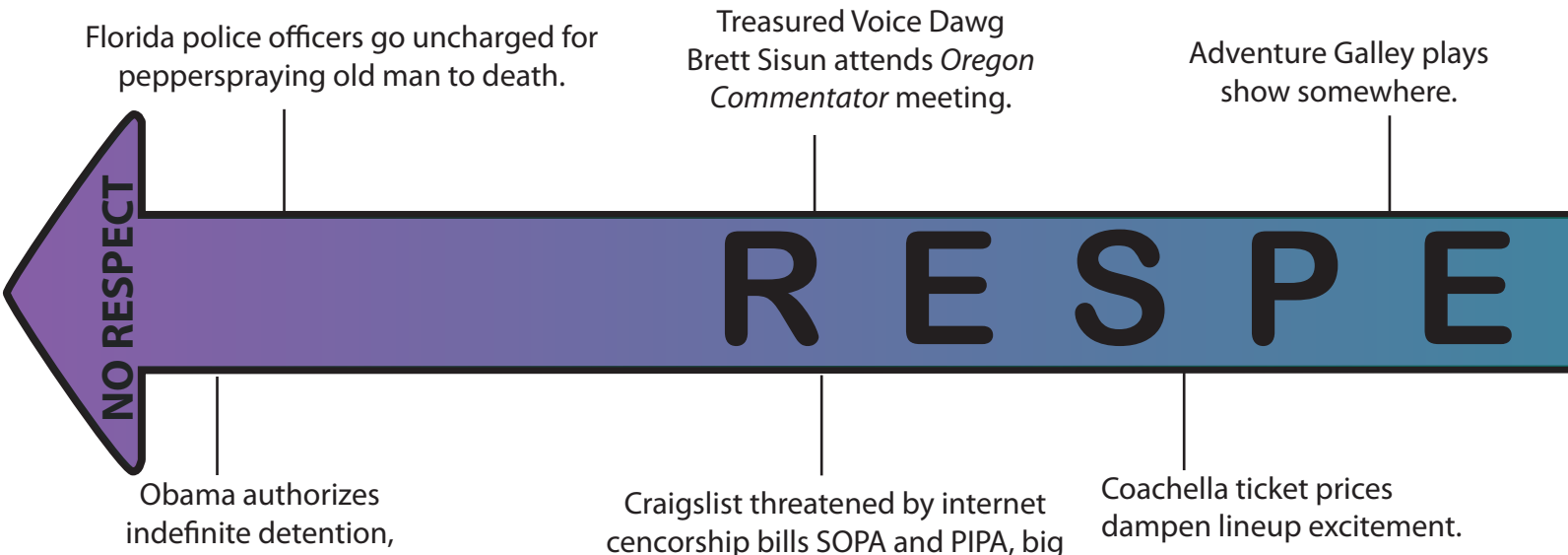
WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"Row Row Row Your Boat"
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Nature's great smile.
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
It's a great adventure.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
Can I hand in a blank piece of paper to represent Buddhist emptiness?

JUANITA DEVEREAUX

DEPARTMENT: Romance Languages
POSITION: Senior Spanish Instructor
UNDERGRAD G.P.A. : 4.2

WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"Oh Come All Ye Faithful"
5. WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Dogs.
6. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
We put in a bid for what we would like to be in our next life. For example, I would like to be the sound of spontaneous three-part harmony in Africa.
7. WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
"Sabo" in the present-tense indicative conjugation.

Look for more Professor Trading Kardz™ in our upcoming issues. Make sure you never miss an issue of OREGON VOICE ever, or else your collection will be incomplete and therefore worthless!


Florida police officers go uncharged for pepperspraying old man to death.
Treasured Voice Dawg Brett Sisun attends *Oregon Commentator* meeting.
Adventure Galley plays show somewhere.
NO RESPECT
R E S P E
Obama authorizes indefinite detention, continues on promise-breaking binge.
Craigslist threatened by internet cencorship bills SOPA and PIPA, big brother watching.
Coachella ticket prices dampen lineup excitement.

comic **MARGOT DENMAN**

KINKY DADDY WORDSEARCH

ANALBEADS
ASSLESSCHAPS
BADBOY
BONDAGE
BRETTSISUN
GAG
HANDCUFFS
LUBE
NIPPLE
PLEATHER
RIM
ROLEPLAY
SARANWRAP
SECRET
SWING
TOBIAS
WHIP

R G Z D M Q U J W X H B U J O P A R R C
Q D N U S I S T T E R B A I B V N O O T
N H B Y P Y R I K I V K Q Q Y C Q L E V
I C A A U W A V B R N R P F F T K E N D
P G D H W Q Z R P I N E M L V Q T P G R
P V B F Q Z M Y G J B V W E O G B L X Y
L Y O D E M S P A H C S S E L S S A G E
E N Y V T V W L K T E R C E S D Y Y A B
L P G Q N O U L P A R W N A R A S I I C
U S J M Y W P X F D M B M E Q O P W D W
S M J L Z S H F L H P O O P Y N L O H N
W J S K A Q F I M A M N B M R E E E F K
I I E I N B Q G P N P D P U V U A U D H
N Y B U A R C B A D W A D O Z B T O P K
G O U H L R L O S C L G F E Q E H U I G
T A L D B C W L X U Z E F A D Q E P N J
T O X B E Z U D J F B Y F P Z U R O M E
G S F B A Y S Z H F M D K V G A G N G Y
N W F G D I Y J C S C Y X M R O B V P D
W M D A S J Y T H S O M Z C R G O H G G

South Eugene High School girls' basketball team beats North Eugene High School, 48-40.

?uestlove announces release of new D'angelo album in 2012.

R. Kelly to host musical cruise.

Blue Ivy Carter comes into existence.

C T R U M

MAD RESPECT

Oregon Ducks win Rose Bowl.

Louis C.K. independently releases live comedy set, makes bank.

ASUO Programs Finance Committee increases Oregon Voice budget, keeps skrilla flowing.

Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg to perform at Coachella. Twice.

Papa's Soul Food Kitchen

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

Papa's Soul Food Kitchen screams self-destruction with a vengeance. The aromas of deep-fried everything, honey-sweetened cornbread, and marinades so full of tang and succulence that drool flows out of your mouth with a mere whiff permeate the air of the cozy one-roomed restaurant. Once you've entered, there's no coming out until your pants are nicely taught around a belly of unprecedented roundness.

The tables are dimly lit, water is served in mason jars, and the waiters are keen to keep you happy. The menu is a clever two-page supermarket-ad, featuring the dishes and sides Papa's offers. Illustrations and humor surround a medley of what one can safely generalize as "southern food," as long as we're still in the Northwest. From fried catfish to ribs to gumbo, Papa's got it all. My date and I spent several squealing, mouth-foaming minutes deciding what to order.

The array of sides offered is cruel. With a plate, you get to pick two sides. But you will want at least five. Hush puppies, collard greens, yams, potato salad, coleslaw, French fries, fried okra, cornbread, baked beans, red beans and rice, mac 'n' cheese — I might as well just die now. My solution was to order a sandwich instead, because sandwich plates come with one predetermined side: potato salad. I had to cave, though, and spend an extra 2 bucks on collard greens, 'cause I like me some collard greens. My date ordered ribs, with mac 'n' cheese and cornbread.

The collard greens were a win. The green I shelled was replaced with greens of much superior quality. The kind of disgusting tang of the greens is embraced in Papa's cooking method. They are served in a humble white dish, like a pile of green slop for a pig. But they are so much more than slop. Their natural acidic taste is enhanced with lemony, buttery, garlicky juices and salted to perfection. I almost drank the leftover green liquid at the bottom of the bowl, but I forced myself to cage in the temptation.

The cornbread is unconventional, unlike any cornbread I've tasted in all my encounters with it in Georgia, the Carolinas, and my grandma's recipe box. The strangeness frightened me at first; I couldn't place the fresh sweetness the fluffy-yet-dense bread left in my mouth. I thought I was done after the first bite. After my collard greens were gone, though, my taste buds were ready for another go. The second round left me loving the cornbread for the same reasons I brushed it aside at first. Its sweetness, I later learned, was due to honey. The honey made it somehow taste like fresh corn on the cob, and the sizable butter pat on top enhanced the taste and cob imagery even more.

The mac 'n' cheese is everything you could wish for on a dark and biting Eugene night. Extra big noodles bathe placidly in a thick, smooth, mild, cheesy, goopy sauce. It does not try to be special with expensive cheese or secret spices; it's simple, but maddeningly good.

Sides aside, my soft-shelled crab sandwich was also deeply satisfying. The crab had little to do with the sandwich; anything could have been hiding in that deep-fried crunch between the two halves of pillowy bun. The lack of crab taste didn't exactly matter, because the sandwich really only needed the crunch. Taste was provided in the heaping mess of coleslaw and in the batter encasing the wee little crab. Every bite had a hollow crunch of salty crab, creamy coolness of perfectly coordinated coleslaw, and unobtrusive yet necessary bun. I was ready for sandwich number two after I finished, but luckily I had my dinner-mate's cornbread to continue stuffing my face with, desperately trying to deny the fact that I was getting real full.

Eventually, when fingers were thoroughly licked and bellies were happily gurgling, our meal came to an end. I am rarely satisfied without dessert, and my brain was definitely craving Papa's signature bread pudding. Unfortunately, my stomach was stubbornly full, and I had to vow to come back again with a very voracious appetite. What a chore.

***Rated*: Afternoon Delight out of Afternoon at the DMV.**

EP: *Where the Crow Don't Fly*

Artist: Water Tower Bucket Boys

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**

Oh, the weather outside is frightful, but Portland's Water Tower Bucket Boys' newest self-released EP, *Where The Crow Don't Fly*, reminds us that another summer is on its way. Having grown from their previous album, *Sole Kitchen*, which dabbled more in indie-folk than in bluegrass, the Bucket Boys seem to have finally found their grassroots. Using vast instrumental versatility ranging from the mandolin, to the Cajun accordion, and across the spectrum to the vibraphone and the whirly tube, you can both feel the roots and taste the locality of it. "Walkin' the Road" is the five-song EP's unequivocal gem; bright harmonica wails, fickle mandolin fretwork, and raucous bluegrass harmonies stirs up June bugs even in January.

Shit's hot, but I'm not necessarily sweating through my pits here. If I hadn't just been told that these dawgs are the same dawgs that can often be spotted performing on our UO campus when the sun's shining and the mood's right, I wouldn't have made the connection. The reality of grass-roots music is that it's best live, and while I didn't stand up and shout at first listen to this EP, I know I've kicked up some dust to the Water Tower Bucket Boys on the corner of 13th and University on more than a few occasions (and i know you have too). And for that reason, it's worth it to go where the crows don't.

Rated: Pretty Good out of Good.

Book: *Damned*

Author: Chuck Palahniuk

words **WILL PAUGH**

As it turns out, every telemarketer that has ever called you is from hell. Internet porn? It's all a product of the fiery underworld. These are things I learned from *Damned*, which follows the journey of 13-year-old narrator Madison Spencer, who has the misfortune of dying from an alleged marijuana overdose. The punishment for poor Madison is spending an eternity in hell. But this is a hell that only University of Oregon alumnus Chuck Palahniuk could muster, a warm blend of filth, violence, and humor.

Madison is a cynical, self-proclaimed "porker" stuck in her 13-year-old body and the discomfort that accompanies it. Adolescence is hellish for everyone, but for Madison it is quite literally hell. The book shoots for a twisted version of a Judy Blume novel, introducing every chapter with "Are you there Satan? It's me, Madison." Swimming in her adolescent insecurity, Madison is unclear as to why she is doomed. Her goal is to find Satan and the reason for her damnation.

Madison's companions are modeled after '80s teen classic *The Breakfast Club*. There's the jock, the cheerleader, the nerd, and the punk, and each brings his or her own stereotype to the table. They play very minor roles and are essentially nothing more than walking punch-lines and fodder for bloodthirsty demons that roam the underworld. However, they do help convince the narrator to take action in her life (well, death). If Palahniuk's most famous work, *Fight Club*, preaches liberation through abandoning consumerism, *Damned* urges readers to neglect social expectations and decide their own fates. It's easy to spot familiar flickers of Palahniuk's older work inside the pages of *Damned*, but it's still an original work and a worthwhile read.

Underlying lessons aside, this wouldn't be Palahniuk if it weren't demented. It almost reads like a psychopath's guide to self-confidence. The dust jacket for the hardcover version is designed to mimic the look and feel of human skin, which is fitting for its morbid content. It adds a tactile dimension to the reader's experience; the grotesque yet familiar texture agrees with the passages describing hell's putrid condition.

Reading *Damned* will disturb you, but the book also has a healthy dose of satire and humor. The best example is "the Great Ocean of Wasted Sperm," a body of water in Palahniuk's hell that consists of every masturbatory emission ever skeeted in human history. To make matters worse, this ocean has been rising at record rates with the introduction of VHS tapes and the Internet. Palahniuk has never been afraid to disgust readers and force them to question the maturity of their sense of humor. *Damned* is no exception.

While *Damned* may not be Palahniuk at his finest, it is a quick and deliciously immature read saved by its humor. Ending with a "to be continued…" we can hope that the table has only been set and there is more sinful fun to be had. If not, we can take solace in the fact that if we end up in the *Damned* version of hell, we will know a thing or two.

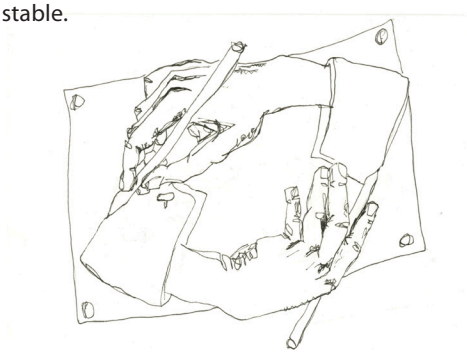
Rated: Dayum, girl.

Product: The Moleskine Pen

words **CARA MERENDINO**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

Ever since I landed on the Moleskine notebook, I thought I had it all. Smooth, thick pages with my ballpoint of choice seem to fill up rapidly when the physical act of writing is enjoyable. Naturally, when I heard that the mad scientists at Moleskine had developed a line of writing utensils "specially designed" for the notebook of my dreams, I had to investigate. Could this pen complete the holy trinity of book, implement, and mind? I can say now that I know.

For the hefty top-shelf cost of $14.95, a thoughtful friend presented me with the matte black plastic slice of sleek as a non-denominational holiday gift. (There is another graphite version of the same design for $49.95, but that seems slightly unnecessary). Part of the alluring feature of the Moleskine pen is that it boasts itself as an "ideal travel companion" because of its rectangular shape and nifty clip-top that supposedly fits the Moleskine notebook just right. What they don't tell you is that the Moleskine pen is cut to fit a hardcover notebook just right. I am packing soft cover these days, and found I had to clip the pen over the first half-centimeter of pages to keep it locked, and even then it wasn't very stable.

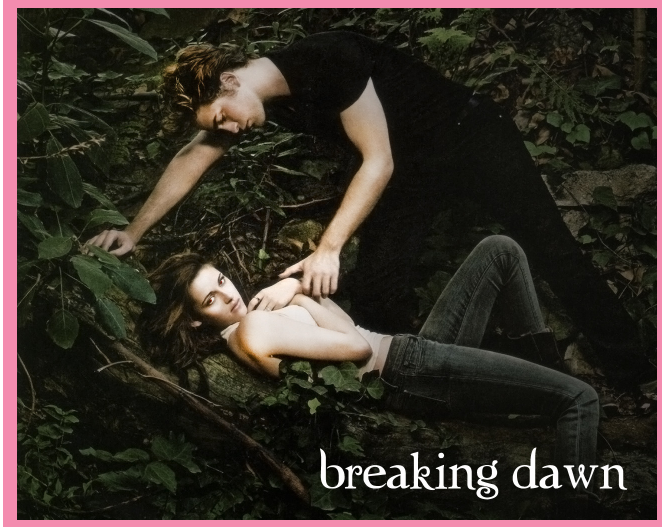


Otherwise, I was immensely satisfied with the Moleskine pen. The line is fat and inky but extremely controlled, dries pretty quickly, and suits both writing and drawing. It is available in both .7 and .5 tips, which have a spring that eliminates paper ripping, and has refillable cartridges in a lovely array of colors (even purple) for under 4 bucks. The rectangular shape took some getting used to, but was quite nice for controlled lines. I'd say it's worth springing for, especially since writing is an art with pretty minimal overhead costs. So is it the holy trinity I've been seeking? It may be close, but since I'm waiting impatiently for my Moleskine pen in the mail after it escaped my notebook to my parent's warm couch crack, I am a little bitter. Thing is, I can't wait to write with it again. My old pen just doesn't feel the same.

Rated: May contain MSG (Moleskine Genius).

FILM: *Breaking Dawn*

words **SAIGE KOLPACK**



Do you like sex, gore, and shimmering adolescent bloodsuckers? Before you start violently shaking your head and screaming no, take a moment to reconsider your vampire-bashing ways. *Breaking Dawn*, the fourth installment of the *Twilight* series, is surprisingly different from the wholesome high school sappiness of the first three.

The wedding is nothing out of the ordinary, aside from the gruesome pre-wedding dream where Bella stands atop the corpses of everyone she knows and loves. Dark, right? Jacob makes a surprise entrance bringing with him the disappointment that Taylor Lautner has yet to become any better at his job. Maybe if he removed that dress shirt and all of his lines from the script it wouldn't be so bad.

The honeymoon is where it really gets good. There are a couple of decent vampire sex scenes, and though they're watered down, you definitely see some nipple. Edward is initially ashamed by the bruises he gives Bella during their intense vampire-human sex, but she's chill; it's not abuse, it's romance.

Next, Bella becomes a successful career woman and leaves Edward. Just kidding, she gets pregnant, and that's where the gore comes in. It's a pregnancy that will make anyone scared to have sex, or at least scared to have sex with a vampire. The baby slowly eats away at Bella, making her body become more disgusting-looking by the second. The mommy-to-be sucks on some delicious blood drank because it really hits the spot for the demon baby. Luckily, tired and weak suits Kristin Stewart's acting style nicely.

The most gruesome part is the birth. I don't want to give too much away, but I'll tell you that it does involve Edward eating through Bella's stomach (yummy) and a lot of blood. All in all, the acting sucked, but the plot coincides well with the book; Stephenie Meyer would be proud. It's a well-deserved PG-13, at points grazes R-rated territory. Don't eat before you go.

Rated: Chinese Water Torture out of Chinese Checkers.

D.I.Y. GUT FISH

BY JULIAN WATTS

HEY THERE, KIDDIES

THIS IS YOUR DADDY SPEAKING.

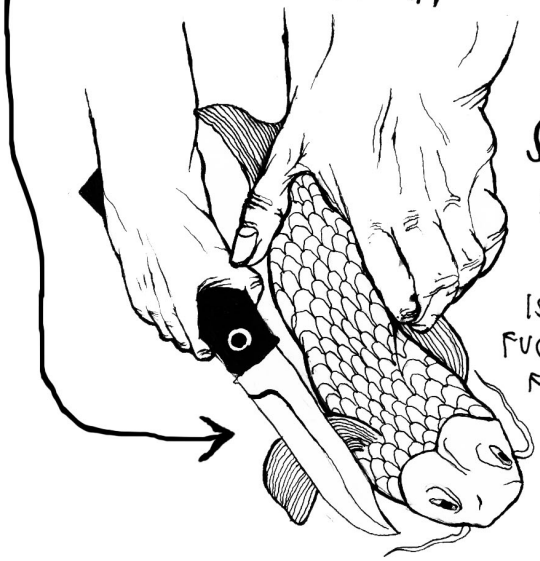
THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO BESTOW UPON YOU A CRUCIAL BIT OF DO-IT-YOURSELF DADDY WISDOM: **HOW TO GUT A FISH.** GUTTING A FISH IS A GREAT SKILL TO HAVE IF UR THE KIND OF PERSON THAT "LIKES TO KNOW WHERE THEIR FOOD COMES FROM" ITS ALSO AN AWESOME ACTIVITY IF YOU ENJOY OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES THAT INVOLVE BRUTAL, RITUALIZED GORE. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY IT'S A WAY FOR GENERATIONS OF DADDIES TO BOND OVER A WEIRD AND MASCULINE BUT ALSO TOTALLY PRACTICAL TRADITION, SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN PASS ON TO YOUR LITTLE ONES WHEN YOU YOURSELF BECOME A DADDY.

IN MY CASE, I JUST WATCHED A BUNCH OF "HOW TO" VIDEOS ON THE INTERNET AND GOT TOTALLY GROSSED OUT, BUT IF YOU FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW YOU WILL BE ONE STEP CLOSER TO YOUR GOAL OF BECOMING DAD.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE GONNA NEED:
- A FISH (DUH!)
- A KNIFE
- A SINK OR HOSE (SOMETHING TO WASH OFF THE SLIME)
- A TABLE OR BOARD

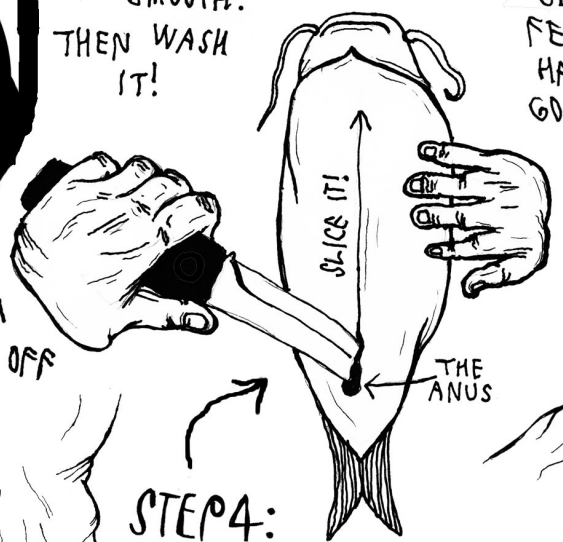
STEP 1: WASH THE FISH

STEP 2: SLICE THE FINS OFF



STEP 3: GET RID OF THE SCALES! SCRAPE THE KNIFE FROM HEAD TO TAIL AT A 90° ANGLE UNTIL THE FISH IS SMOOTH.

THEN WASH IT!

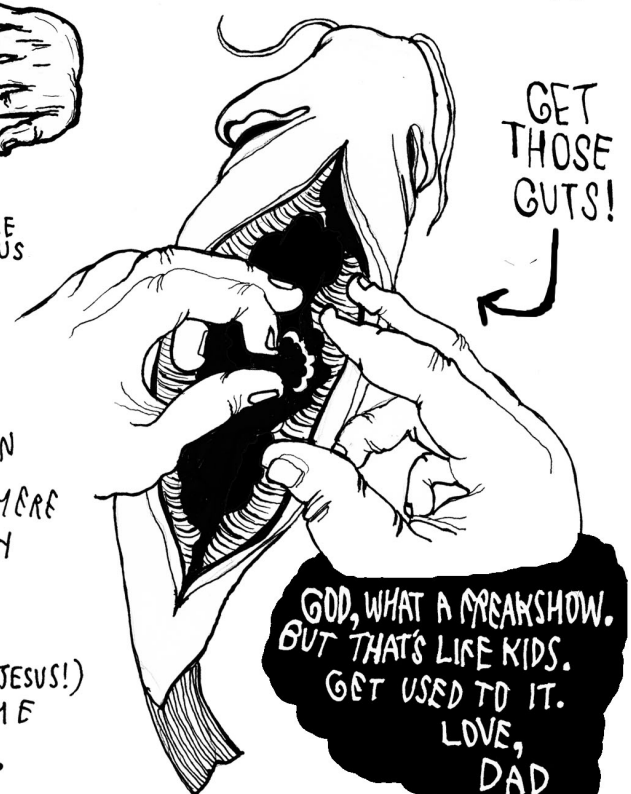


STEP 4:

SLAP THE FISH DOWN ON THE TABLE BELLY UP! HERE IS WHERE IT GETS REALLY FUCKED UP: LOCATE THE FISH'S ANUS AND SHOVE YOUR KNIFE UP THERE (JESUS!) THEN SLICE UP TO THE BASE OF THE GILLS.

STEP 5: USE YOUR HANDS TO SPREAD OPEN THE FISH AND SCOOP OUT ITS GUTS.

STEP 6: RINSE OUT ALL THE BLOODY SLIME. FINALLY, IF YOU STILL FEEL THAT NOT ENOUGH BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED FOR YOU, YOU FREAK, GO AHEAD AND CHOP OFF ITS HEAD.



GOD, WHAT A FREAKSHOW. BUT THAT'S LIFE KIDS. GET USED TO IT.

LOVE,
DAD